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## JOHN ELIOT,

### *"THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS."*

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**I**N the dusk of a summer evening in the month of July, 1893, a stranger came through the wicket-gate leading from the churchyard of Widford to the Rectory house, and had a conversation with a member of the Rector's family whom he encountered on the grounds. What that conversation led to will appear as this story proceeds. It may be interesting to know that this Widford is in "pleasant Hertfordshire," immortalized by Charles Lamb in his charming romance, "Rosamond Gray," and other of his writings; the Widford which he and his sister Mary—"Bridget" of his essays of Elia—loved so well, and to which Canon Ainger has given additional interest in his charming and sympathetic notices of the "gentle Elia." Mrs. Field, the maternal grandmother of Lamb, is buried in the Churchyard; so is Mrs. Elizabeth Norris, the wife of Randal Norris, the friend of the Lambs at the Inner Temple, where he was sub-Librarian, and of whom, when he died, Lamb so touchingly wrote:—"I have no one to call me Charley now." The opening lines of the memorial

verses on the "Grandam" which he sent to Coleridge refer to Widford Church:—

"On the green hill-top,  
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,  
And not distinguished from its neighbour barn,  
Save by a slender, tapering length of spire,  
The grandam sleeps. A plain stone barely tells  
The name and date to the chance passenger."

It is the Widford of which the Rev. Joseph Whately was Rector from 1765 to 1790, and in this church his illustrious son Richard was baptized, July 26th, 1787, who, in after years, became Archbishop of Dublin. To this parish and churchyard the stranger alluded to at the beginning of this story came from the New World to search our records, if haply he might find in them the honoured name of an ancestor, revered in the annals of missionary labour, and of whom it may be said, in the words of Fitz-Greene Halleck, a descendant of the "Apostle," which he wrote on the death of a bosom friend:—

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

In attempting the task laid upon me of preparing a sketch of this remarkable man for this interesting occasion, it is difficult, with the mass of materials before me, to keep it within reasonable limits; whilst I also feel painfully conscious of my incompetence and unworthiness to add one more to the memorials which have been written of him.

John Eliot, appropriately called "the Apostle to the Indians," was supposed to have been born and

baptized at Nazing, in Essex; but as no entry of his baptism could be found in the Registers of that parish, his descendant, Dr. Ellsworth Eliot of New York, crossed the Atlantic to satisfy himself on this and other points of family history; for Bennett Eliot, the father of the "Apostle," possessed property at Ware, Widford, Hunsdon, Eastwick, and Nazing. He removed to the last-named parish subsequently to the birth of his son John, where he died in November, 1621, where also his wife, Lettes Eliot, died the year previously, and in the churchyard of which the mortal remains of both were laid to rest.

Turning over the dingy parchment leaves of the Baptism Register of Widford parish we come upon this entry:—

"Anno dm. 1604. John Elliott the sonne of  
Bennett Elliott was baptized the fiftē daye  
of Auguste in the yeere of our Lord God,  
1604."

Continuing our search we find numerous entries of the Eliot family, notably the baptisms of Sarah, the "Apostle's" eldest sister, and of his brothers Philip and Jacob. In the marriage records another valuable entry occurs, settling a long enquiry as to where and to whom Bennett Eliot was married:—

"An<sup>o</sup> Dm. 1598. Bennett Eliot and Letteye Aggar  
were married the xxx<sup>th</sup> of October an<sup>o</sup> Sup  
Dicto."

The officiating minister did not sign his name to these entries, but John Payton, who was instituted by Bishop Grindall—Widford being at that time in the diocese of London—makes a marginal note to the

record of Sarah Eliot's baptism to this effect:—  
 "Sarah Eliot was the first child baptized in Widford Church, by me, John Payton, p'son of Widford"; and it is probable that John Payton baptized her brothers Philip and Jacob. The remains of John Payton, his wife, and mother were buried near the south wall within the chancel.

Bishop Laud's name appears after that of Bishop Grindall as having instituted Rectors at Widford, the ill-fated prelate who, as Archbishop Laud, has been accused of driving so many good men by his intolerance to seek a home and freedom of conscience beyond the sea. In those times of fierce contention and bitter sectarian animosity, intolerance was not confined to one side; some of those, at least, who departed to find greater freedom for themselves were not eager to extend it to others; and to such spirits as John Eliot's this unchristian strife must have been peculiarly distressing. But we must not anticipate. As, after Jacob Eliot's baptism at Widford, the rest of Bennett Eliot's children were baptized at Nazing, the father probably removed to that parish about A.D. 1607-8. It is surmised that his wife died after giving birth to her youngest child, Mary, and, as we have seen, her husband did not long survive her. He made a will which bears date November 5th, 1621, in which he directs his executors to pay out of the rents and profits of lands and tenements belonging to him in the "parishes of Ware, Widford, Hunsdon, and Eastwick," for the space of eight years from the time of his decease, quarterly, to his son John Eliot, "the sum of eight pounds a yeare

of lawful money of England, for and towards his maintenance in the University of Cambridge, where he is a scholar."

John Eliot matriculated as a pensioner at Jesus College, March 20th, 1619, and took his B.A. in 1623. On leaving Cambridge he became a tutor in a school kept by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford, an event of which in after years Eliot wrote:—"Here the Lord said unto my dead soul, live! live! and through the grace of God I do live for ever! When I came to this blessed family I then saw as never before the power of godliness in its lovely vigour and efficacy." But his parents were persons of remarkable piety, and there is no doubt that he owed his earliest religious bias, and the formation of his character, to parental solicitude and instruction. He himself wrote of the earliest days of his childhood that his "first years were seasoned with the fear of God, the Word, and prayer." It is not improbable that during his University course his attention was absorbed in his studies, and the religious element in his character less active than when, thrown among those earnest men whose souls were stirred by strong religious convictions, the subject of personal religion was pressed upon him. There is a general but honourable testimony to Eliot's assiduity as a scholar: "he acquired a sound, thorough, and discriminating knowledge of the original languages of the Scriptures, became well versed in the general course of liberal studies, and was particularly skilful in theological learning."

Whether John Eliot took Orders in the Church is a point which, to some of his descendants, has not been satisfactorily cleared up; and, so far as my impressions are concerned, derived from all that has been written of him, it would be better, perhaps, not to enter upon the subject on this occasion. It is significant that no allusion is made by Eliot himself in any of his writings or correspondence to an event which, had it occurred, would scarcely have been passed over in silence in the after years of his long life. Doubtless his inclinations were strongly bent towards the Christian ministry; but, in the unsettled state of religious parties at that time, he concluded it would be impossible to prosecute the work on which he had set his heart, in quietness and peace; and so, in common with other kindred spirits, Mr. Eliot turned his eyes towards the New World, desiring to be led by Divine Providence in the path of obedience and usefulness.

In Sparks's "American Biography" there is a life of John Eliot by Convers Francis, who says that the "Apostle," as he was afterwards called, had cast in his lot with "those who were driven forth by their countrymen to do a great work for human rights and for God's cause in the wilderness"; and that on the 3rd November, 1631, Mr. Eliot came to America in the ship *Lyon*, which anchored in Boston harbour, with a company consisting of sixty persons. He was now 27 years of age, full of vigour and strength, and an opening was at once found for the exercise of his powers, where he ministered until his removal to Roxbury, where, on the 5th November, 1642, he was

ordained first minister of the Christian congregation in that place, and where he continued until his death, a period of sixty years.

It was here that his heart first yearned towards the "poor Indians," large numbers of whom were, at that time, within the limits of the English plantations. If we would appreciate the nature of the work to which Mr. Eliot now set his hand, and the rare devotion of his labours for these poor people, we must glance at the dealings of the "Pilgrim Fathers" with these unhappy people. And here I shall draw upon Bishop Wilberforce's History of the American Church for some account of the circumstances which led Mr. Eliot to espouse the cause of the Indian tribes, and for a well-deserved tribute to his noble, self-denying labours on their behalf.

Writing of the "Pilgrim Fathers" the Bishop says:—"It seems scarcely to have crossed their minds that these devoted tribes were part of the great human family." "By this prodigious pestilence," says their historian, himself evidently a man of gentle temper, "the woods were cleared of those pernicious creatures, to make room for a better growth." These, again, are his speculations on the mode by which the American continent was first peopled:—"We may guess that probably the devil decoyed those miserable salvages hither in hopes that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them." "Tawny pagans," "rabid wolves," "grim salvages," "bloody salvages," are the usual terms he gives to them, unless, when rising into fervour, he boldly declares

them to be "so many devils." As such they were treated. These "pilgrims," who left their fathers' land, believing that the "God of Heaven had served a summons upon the spirits of His people, stirring them up to go over a terrible ocean into a more terrible desert, for the pure enjoyment of all His ordinances . . . to carry the Gospel into those parts, and raise a bulwark against antichrist"—they thought nothing, on a mere rumour of intended mischief, of "pretending to trade with the Indians," that they might more safely, "with prodigious resolution, kill divers of their Chiefs"; or of "vigorously discharging their muskets upon the salvages," and so "astonishing them with the strange effects of such dead doing things as powder and shot." "The Churchmen of Virginia, until they were provoked to retaliate by the attempted massacre of their whole colony, had treated all the Indian tribes with kindness. There were amongst them from the first men who devoted their energies to spread the faith of Christ amongst their heathen neighbours. But the stern and exclusive creed of the New-England Puritans did not favour such attempts."

Much more follows, too painful to recall, but it was necessary to give this background in order to form some notion of the picture which the appearance of Mr. Eliot on the scene presents. Quoting from Baylie's "Errors of the Time," and alluding to those who were "most neglectful of this work" of preaching the kingdom of Christ to these Indian tribes, the Bishop's narrative proceeds:—"It was not until the very year in which this reproach was penned

that any efforts were made to remove it from the Christians of New England. In that yeare John Eliot, a man of primitive piety, zeal, and mortification, broke through the bondage of the system round him, and treated the red men, whose lands 'the pilgrims' now so largely occupied, as having, like themselves, souls for which Christ died. He was one of those whom the unhappy humours of the time drove out of that Church at home of which he should have been a stay and ornament. But God overruled his loss to the blessing of these heathen." Cotton Mather writes:—"I cannot find that any besides the Holy Spirit of God moved him to the blessed work of evangelizing these perishing Indians. The thought, however," he continues, "may have been suggested to him by the declaration of the Royal Charter, that to win and to incite the natives of that country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, in our Royal intention and the adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of the plantation."

"In this spirit Eliot entered on his work, and thenceforth his name has been identified with self-denying and successful efforts to spread the Gospel of our Lord amongst the heathen of North America."

The initial difficulty which confronted Eliot was the Indian language, of which Cotton Mather says:—"Its words are long enough to tire the patience of any scholar in the world; one would think they had been growing ever since Babel unto the dimensions to which they are now extended." Further on he

gravely tells us that, "once finding the dœmons in a possessed young woman understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, curiosity led me to make trial of this Indian language, and the dœmons did seem as if they did not understand it."

Through Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, of New York, a direct descendant of the "Apostle," and by the courtesy of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, librarian of the Lennox Library, New York, I have had an opportunity of reading "Bibliographic Notes of the Algonquian Languages"; and especially Bibliographic Notes on Eliot's Indian Bible, and on his other translations and works in the Indian language of Massachusetts, published at the Government Printing Office, Washington. These "Notes" are illustrated by photographic facsimiles of pages from Eliot's translations. The dialects cluster together into one prolonged word, the separate ideas which in our language occupy many distinct words. A mere glance at these pages excites wonder that the various dialects could be reduced to intelligible form; whilst to construct a grammar to facilitate their study by future students must have been a labour requiring extraordinary patience and tenacity of purpose to accomplish. Eliot did not shrink from it, but bent to the work with "unexampled diligence." Fortunately for himself and his devoted labours, he was blessed with a fine constitution, which he preserved by great frugality and temperate living; and he was sustained and cheered by the companionship of a wife of rare excellence and virtue. She was a Miss Mumford or Mountford—the name still lingers in the neighbour-

hood under its altered form of Mumford—to whom Eliot was engaged before he left England.

There is a brief but interesting account of the origin of the New England Company, London, by Dr. Marshall Venning, who tells us that, “John Eliot, long known as ‘the Apostle of the North American Red Men,’ and other Englishmen, early in the seventeenth century, laboured to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen natives of New England in their own Indian language, and in doing so found it necessary to carry on civilization with religion, and to instruct them in some of the arts of life. Their writings, and more particularly some of the tracts known as the ‘Eliot tracts,’ aroused so much interest in London that the needs of the Indians of New England were brought before Parliament, and on July 27th, 1649, an Act of Ordinance was passed with this title: ‘A Corporation for the Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England.’”

The Hon. Robert Boyle was appointed the first Governor of this Company, which, after various changes, which it is outside the scope of this sketch to follow, seems to have settled down to a quiet and unobtrusive, almost unknown existence, in Furnival's Inn, Fleet Street, London.

The compiler of the Eliot Genealogy tells us that Eliot “commenced his labours among ‘the Indians’ at Nonantum in Newton on the 28th of October, 1646. The Boston Transcript says that the old oak beneath whose branches Eliot preached to the Indians at South Natick, in 1690, is still standing—

‘a hale green tree’—and still affords a grateful shade to the weary traveller. He executed several translations into the Indian language, the most noted of which is the Indian Bible. The New Testament was published at Cambridge, in September, 1661, under the auspices of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Three years after, the Old Testament was added, and the whole Bible, with a Catechism and the Psalms of David in metre, was thus given to the Indians in their own language, in forty years after the settlement of the country.”

- A touching incident occurred on Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, during his recent visit of enquiry to England, calling upon the Master and Fellows of Jesus College, Cambridge. He spoke with much feeling of the cordial welcome he received, and of the singular incident of the Rev. Fookes-Jackson having informed him that on that very day he had been looking up some Indian books and came upon a copy of Eliot's Bible, which he had presented to the College, on the fly-leaf of which he had written his name, and a request in Latin that he might have the prayers of his mother, as she had his continually.

I cannot do better than quote what the compiler of the Eliot Genealogy says of Mr. Eliot and his labours: they “were far greater than any of the translators in Germany, France, and England, for they had not only the facilities afforded by copies of the Bible in Latin, which was the conventional language of the priests and students of Europe, and the aid of their contemporaries in Biblical learning, but their versions were substitutions of their vernacular

tongue for one which was equally as well known; while his was an unwritten and hitherto unknown language, which he was first obliged to learn, and, after his Bible was published, to establish schools and prepare a Grammar and other books for instructing the savages to read it; and in all these arduous duties he had no assistant but an Indian boy. Thus, a humble and modest, yet faithful and zealous, pastor of a small Christian community, on the shores of a vast continent which was then almost a vast wilderness, alone achieved a work which excited the wonder and admiration of both hemispheres, and has rendered his name ever memorable in the annals of literature and piety."

It is not possible on this occasion, nor am I competent, to estimate the grandeur and beauty of Mr. Eliot's character. Silence in such a presence seems to be imposed upon me. But I may be permitted to observe that charity, modesty, and humility were conspicuous in this remarkable man; and we are told he frequently gave more than he could afford, for his own family often suffered for the necessaries of life. One story among many told of him is worth repeating:—"The treasurer of the parish, on paying him his annual salary, and knowing well his lavish expenditures for the relief of others, put the money in a handkerchief, and tied it in as many hard knots as possible, in hopes thus to compel him to carry it all home. On his way thither he called to see a poor sick woman, and on entering gave the family his blessing, and told them God had sent them some relief. He then began to untie

the knots, but after many efforts to do so, and impatient at the perplexity and delay to get at his money, he gave the whole to the mother, saying with a trembling accent, 'Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you.'

If this gives us a picture of Mr. Eliot's practical charity towards the poor people among whom he so unselfishly laboured, there is another story which beautifully illustrates his charity towards those from whom he was widely separated in theological beliefs and ecclesiastical practices. The story is told by George E. Ellis in "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," 1629-1685, published at Boston and New York, 1888.

"And now we have to present to ourselves a notable scene. The priest, a Jesuit on an embassy, named Le R. Père Gabriel Drenillette de la Compagnie de Jesus, writes:—'On my way I arrived at Rogsbray (Roxbury), where the Minister, named Master heliot (Eliot), who was instructing some savages, received me to lodge with him, as the night had overtaken me. He treated me with respect and affection, and prayed me to pass the winter with him.' Here is a scene which might well engage the pencil of an artist whose sympathies responded to the subject. Two men, then in the vigour of life, who were yet to pass their fourscore years in their loved, but poorly rewarding labours for the savages, separated as the Poles in their religious convictions, principles, and methods, trained in antipathies and zealous hostility to each other, are seen in simple, loving converse as kind host and responsive stranger guest. The humble

sitting and working room of the Apostle Eliot, in his modest cottage, has the essentials of comfort, and there is a guest-chamber. Around the hearthstone are two or three Indian children, which Eliot had near him as pupils, while he himself was a learner from some docile elders of the race, whose barbarous tongue he was seeking to acquire through grunts and gutturals, that he might set forth in it the whole oracles of God. His hopeful experiment in the Indian village at Natick had recently been put on trial. The priest was, after his own different fashion, spending himself in his own work. The aims of both were the same; their methods widely unlike: Eliot's most severe in its exactions; the priest's lenient and indulgent in its conditions. Eliot insisted that the savages should be brought to civility, abandoning all wildwood roaming, be humanized, cleanly, clothed, and trained in home and field industries. They should be taught to pray, be put through a course of Calvinistic divinity, and have the Scriptures opened to them in their own tongue. The priest pestered his catechumens as little as possible by crossing their native instincts for a free life in the wilderness. The rosary, the crucifix, and the sacraments, with repeated prayer and creed, and the procession following the arbored cross, were his agencies for salvation.

“It was the Christmas season when the Puritan Minister and the Jesuit Priest thus blended their alienating antipathies in reconciling sympathies in consecrated work. Perhaps their conversation was in Latin, though Eliot was an accomplished scholar,

and might have the mastery of French. The two might have spent the winter profitably together. They certainly would have passed it amicably. The evening and morning devotions of the Puritan household, with grace and blessing at each meal, must have kept their wonted course; while the faithful priest had his oratory, his orisons, and his matin mass before breaking his fast."

Other instances of this divine charity in Eliot abound in his life. When a minister complained to him of the injurious treatment of some of his parishioners, he replied, "Brother, learn the meaning of these three little words—*bear, forbear, and forgive.*"

A few sayings may not inappropriately close this imperfect sketch. To some students who were not early risers he said, "I pray you look to it, that you be morning birds." Walking in his garden with a friend he began to pull up the weeds, when his friend said to him, "You tell us we must be heavenly-minded." Eliot replied, "It is true; and this is no impediment unto that; for were I sure to go to Heaven to-morrow, I would do what I do to-day." His drink was *water*, and he said of wine, "It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it; but, as I remember, *water* was made before it."

He continued to preach as long as his strength held out. With slow and feeble steps he ascended the hill on which his church was situated, and once observed to the person on whose arm he leaned, "This is very much like the road to Heaven; 'tis up hill; the Lord, by His grace, fetch us up."

As death crept upon him, a friend asked him how he was, to which he replied:—"Alas! I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; but I thank God, my charity holds out still; I find that rather grows than fails."

Mr. Walter, his colleague, called to see him just before he died, to whom he said:—"You are welcome to my very soul; but retire to your study, and pray that I may have leave to be gone." And he went; for his Lord and ours called him on the 21st of May, 1690, in the 86th year of his age, and calmly falling asleep, ended a life on earth full of fruitfulness and blessing, not only to the poor Indians whom he loved for Christ's sake and their own, but to the whole Christian Church. "He being dead, yet speaketh." "The memory of the just is blessed." In the words inscribed upon this memorial window we are assured that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And I may add that, whilst the descendants of John Eliot honour his memory by placing this window in the Church in which he was baptized, I, as the Rector of this parish, having found the record of his baptism in our Register, and the parishioners of Widford, with the consent of our honoured and beloved Bishop, are much gratified that it has fallen to our lot to comply with the wishes of John Eliot's descendants; and that we shall continually have before our eyes a memorial of one who, in his life of singular blamelessness and single-hearted devotion to the cause of Christ and humanity, presents a rare example to all Christians, by whatever name they are named, of

that charity which is “the very bond of perfectness.” And the subject chosen for the window, declaring, as it does, the central fact of Christianity—a crucified Lord and Saviour—also keeps before us the theme of the Apostolic ministry, the theme of Gospel preaching and ministration the wide world over; the theme which the “Apostle to the Indians,” like the great Apostle St. Paul, proclaimed and professed in the imperishable words of his fervid and devout eloquence:—“God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”



# WIDFORD CHURCH.

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Dedication of the Eliot Memorial Window.

21st May, 1894.

## ORDER OF SERVICE.

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Hymn 215, A. & M.

THE Church's one foundation,  
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD ;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the Word :  
From Heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride ;  
With His own Blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of Salvation  
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth,  
One Holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one Holy Food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest,  
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With GOD the THREE in ONE,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won :  
O happy ones and holy !  
LORD give us grace that we  
Like them the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.    Amen.

---

*Let us pray.*

Our Father, &c.                      The Lord's Name be praised.

---

PSALM LXXII.

Lesson, EPH. iv. to 17.

---

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF JOHN ELIOT.

---

Hymn 448, A. & M.

FOR Thy dear Saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy dear Saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
And found in Thee a full reward,  
Accept our Thankful cry.

Thine earthly members fit  
To join Thy saints above,  
In one communion ever knit,  
One fellowship of love.

JESU, Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

All might, all praise be Thine,  
Father, co-equal Son,  
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.    Amen.

## DEDICATION

BY THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF ST. ALBANS.

---

The Lord be with you.  
*And with thy spirit.*

*Let us pray.*

Lord have mercy upon us,  
Christ have mercy upon us,  
Lord have mercy upon us,  
“Our Father, &c.”

O Lord my God, hearken unto the cry and the prayer  
of Thy servant and of Thy people.  
*That Thine eyes may be open towards this House night and  
day.*

Bring us to Thy Holy mountaïn.  
*And make us joyful in thy House of Prayer.*  
Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto His Name.  
*Bring presents and come unto His Courts.*

*Let us pray.*

O Lord God Almighty, Who didst put wisdom and understanding into the hearts of Bezaleel and Aholiab to know how to work all manner of work for the Sanctuary, and who, by the mouth of David the King, taughtest Solomon to adorn Thy temple, mercifully bless the labours of Thy servants: and grant that, as they offer willingly for the service of Thy house on earth, they may attain at length unto that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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**Hymn 436, A. & M.      Offertory.**

**H**ARK! the sound of Holy voices, chanting at the  
crystal sea  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord to Thee:  
Multitude, which none can number, like the stars in  
glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in  
their hands

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Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of  
Christ,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr and Evangelist,  
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, widows who have  
watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are  
there.

They have come from tribulation, and have washed their  
robes in Blood,  
Washed them in the Blood of JESUS; tried they were  
and firm they stood;  
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder,  
slain with sword,  
They have conquered death and Satan by the might of  
CHRIST their LORD.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have  
triumphed following  
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour and  
their King;  
Gladly, LORD, with THEE they suffered; gladly, LORD,  
with THEE they died,  
And by death to life immortal they were born, and  
glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in  
golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;  
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and  
knowledge see  
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

GOD of GOD, the One-begotten, Light of Light,  
Emmanuel,  
In Whose BODY joined together all the Saints for ever  
dwell,  
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore  
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and GOD the HOLY  
GHOST adore. Amen.

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## BENEDICTION.

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STAINER'S SEVENFOLD AMEN. Digitized by Google

*To the descendants of John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians."*

The early years of our ancestor were passed in Widford, County of Hertford ; in Nazeing, County of Essex ; at Little Baddow in the same county, and at Jesus College, Cambridge University.

In the Parish Register of the Church of St. John Baptist at Widford, his baptism is thus recorded : John Elliott the sonne of Bennett Elliott was baptized the fyfte daye of Auguste in the yeare of o<sup>r</sup> Lord God, 1604.

The baptism of his sister Sarah in 1599, his brother Phillip in 1602, and his brother Jacob in 1606 are also recorded in this Parish Register.

Among the marriages is this : Bennett Eliot and Letteye Aggar were married the 30th of October, 1598.

Subsequently to 1606 and prior to 1610 the family doubtless removed to Nazeing, as in the Parish Register of the Church of All Saints in that Parish are recorded the baptisms of Lydia in 1610, of Francis in 1615, and of Mary in 1620. The Register also shows that in the churchyard there are the graves, unmarked and unknown, of Letteye Eliot, who died in 1620, and Bennet Eliot, who died in 1621 — the father and mother of our apostolic ancestor.

In the library of Jesus College, Cambridge University, is a copy of the Indian Bible presented by John Eliot, as his inscription on

the fly-sheet shows. This priceless volume has been but recently discovered.

Widford is about twenty-five miles north from London, and four and one-half miles east from Ware. It contains about 500 inhabitants, and probably presents about the same appearance as when our ancestor was born there. The Church of St. John Baptist is an ancient structure, built, no one can tell when and how. Parts of it are probably about 800 years old, dating from the days of the Normans. Venerable in appearance, it looks as if it had stood for ages and would continue for centuries undilapidated. Archbishop Richard Whately and our ancestor, as well, were baptized at the stately font which stands just within the entrance of the church. Charles Lamb was a frequent worshipper there, and his beautiful verses, in which he refers to the grave of his grandmother in its churchyard as

“ On the green hill-top  
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,”

have brought, and will continue to bring, many pilgrims to this delightful locality. The tower of the church, built at a later date than the main building, but still not far from 500 years old, contains a peal of six bells of exceptional sweetness and purity. Some of them are of great antiquity, to which John Eliot must have listened. Their melodious ringing on a clear Sunday morning once heard can never be forgotten.

Through the kindness of the Rector, the Rev. John Traviss Lockwood, arrangements have been made to erect a stained-glass window to the memory of our ancestor. Mr. Lockwood has kindly

